

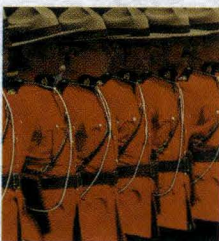
The following pages are excerpts from various projects.
Many were part of a touring exhibition
"small, medium & not large: books & collages 1982 to present"
(Galerie Articule, Montréal 1997; Grunt Gallery, Vancouver 1996).

These excerpts complement a catalogue of my work
to be published in February, 1998 by Galerie Articule, Montréal.

notes towards a body is a work-in-progress.

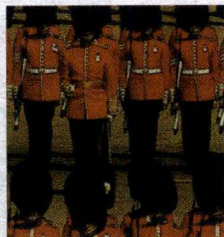
L A I W A N

and
squandering,
as
in
doubt,
his
true
estate



upon
that
image
he
forgets,
although

he
still
keeps
pushing
so
persistently



his
face
into
it,
almost
with
beseeching,



THEN IT IS REITERATED:

AT THE RISK OF
LOSING MY MACHO
IMAGE I'M GOING
TO TELL YOU ONE
MORE THING.

BEFORE ANYTHING IS REVEALED, SHE DECIDES:



THREE WAYS SHE WILL REPLY:

ONE: (SAID WITH QUIET DISTINCTION)

WHY
NOT?



TWO: (SAID WITH OUTWARD HORROR)

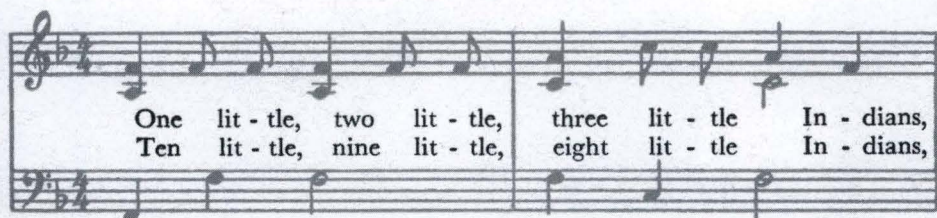


THREE: (LOOK WITH QUIET DISTINCTION)

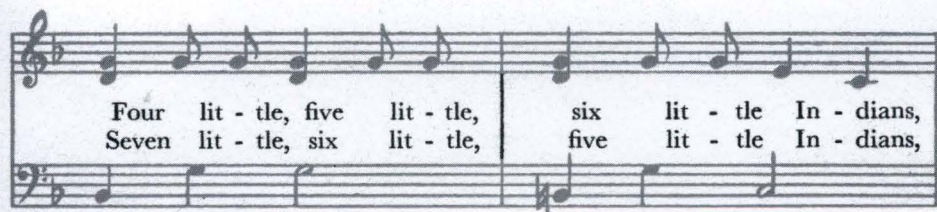


SHE SAYS, REINFORCING HER INHIBITION.

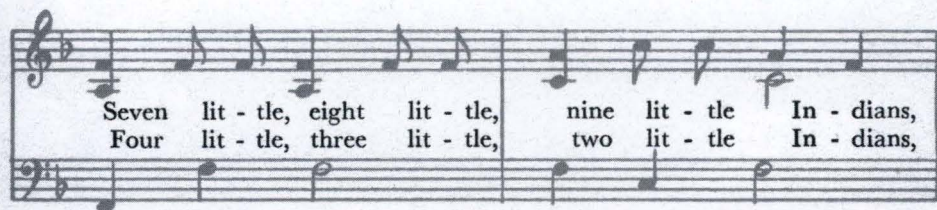
Ten Little Indians



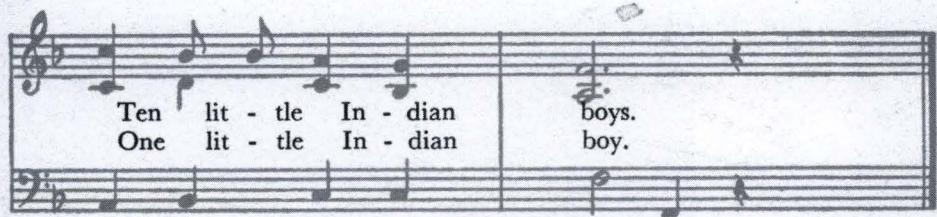
One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle In - dians,
Ten lit - tle, nine lit - tle, eight lit - tle In - dians,



Four lit - tle, five lit - tle, six lit - tle In - dians,
Seven lit - tle, six lit - tle, five lit - tle In - dians,

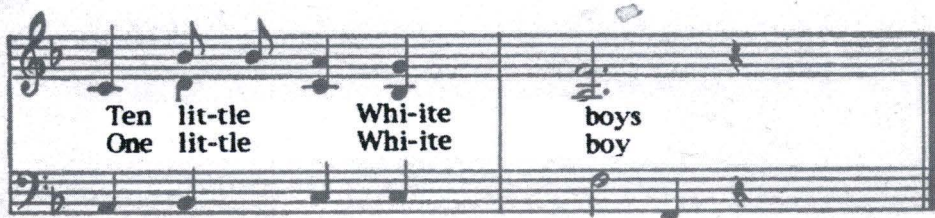
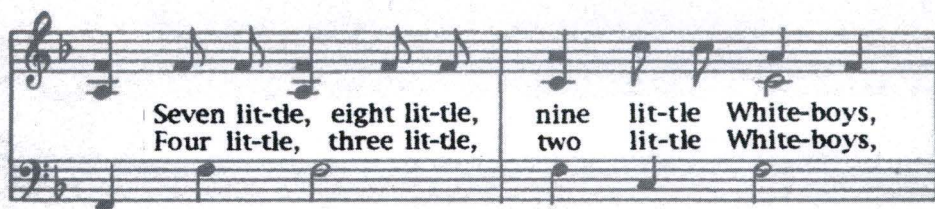
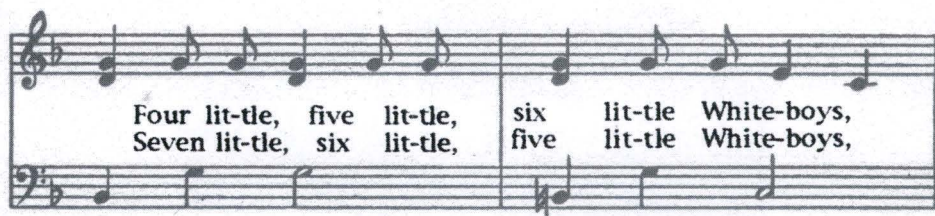
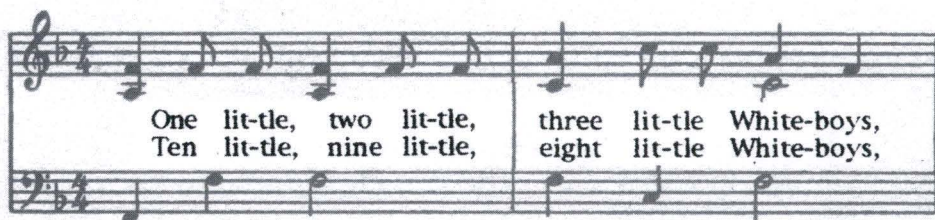


Seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle In - dians,
Four lit - tle, three lit - tle, two lit - tle In - dians,



Ten lit - tle In - dian boys.
One lit - tle In - dian boy.

Ten Little White Boys



The story of
Little Black Sambo

By Helen Bannerman



Reprinted by courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers of the authorized edition of The Story of Little Black Sambo

Once upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo. And his Mother was called Black Mumbo. And his Father was called Black Jumbo.

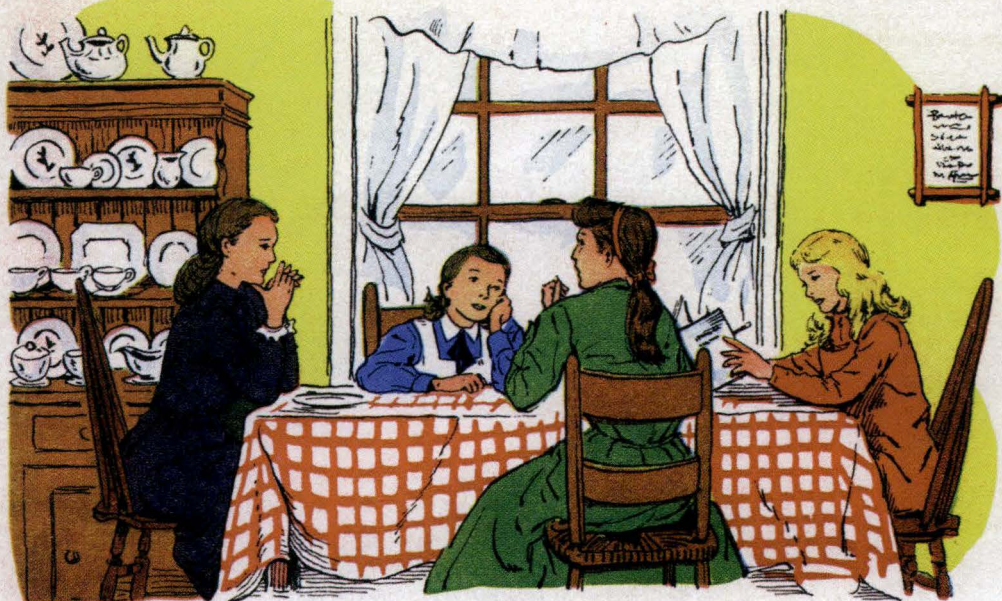
The story of
Little White Simpy

By Helen Bannerman



Reprinted by courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers of the authorized edition of *The Story of Little Black Sambo*

Once upon a time there was a little white boy, and his name was Little White Simpy. And his Mother was called White Mummy. And his Father was called White Jumpy.



Meg's foot was quite recovered the morning after the party, but she woke up out of sorts. It did seem hard to have to take up work again after the gay holiday.

"I wish it was Christmas or New Year's all the time," she sighed.

"Don't let's grumble, but shoulder our burdens like pilgrims and trudge along," said Jo. "I'm sure Aunt March is a regular Old Man of the Sea to me, but I suppose when I've learned to carry her without complaining, she'll tumble off or get so light I shan't mind her."

But Beth was headachy, and Amy couldn't remember what nine times twelve was, and Meg was still cross at breakfast.

She was fond of luxury, and her chief trouble was poverty. When she turned sixteen, she had begged to be allowed to work and had found a place as nursery governess. But at her work, she saw every day the kind of life she fancied. She tried not to be envious, but she could not help contrasting her shabby dresses and work-

aday world with the fine clothes and parties of the lively, older girls in the King household.

Jo had happened to suit their wealthy old great-aunt, who was lame and needed a companion. This sort of work did not suit Jo at all, but to everyone's surprise, she got on remarkably well with her tempestuous relative.

The real compensation for the hard work at Aunt March's was a large library of fine books. The moment the old lady took her nap, Jo hurried to the dim, unused room that had been left to dust and spiders since old Mr. March had died. Curling up in the easy chair, the young bookworm devoured poetry, romance, history, and travels until her aunt's shrill voice called, "Josyphine! Josyphine!" and the parrot echoed the cry until the big house rang with Jo's name.

Aunt March and the Kings were burdens to be borne, surely, and the girls did not look forward to beginning again after the holidays.



CHAPTER 17

I Am Captured

It was my first thought to pluck forth the dirk. But either it stuck too hard or my nerve failed me. I shuddered. And oddly enough, that very shudder did the business. The knife had held me by a mere pinch of skin. This the shudder tore away, and I was free.

I went below and did what I could for my wound. Then in great spirits I waded ashore. There lay the schooner ready for our own men to board and get to sea again! I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get back to the stockade and boast of my achievements.

It was dark before I had gone far,

but then the moon helped me, and sometimes walking, sometimes running, in good time I drew near the stockade. Yet, as I began to thread the grove that lies before the blockhouse, I slacked my pace—it would have been a poor end of my adventures to get shot down by my own party in mistake.

At last I came right down upon the borders of the clearing. The blockhouse lay in a black shadow, but behind it I could see the remains of a great fire. I stopped with much wonder in my heart and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been our way to build great fires.

will have your ass in a sling



notes towards a body

i once believed

compassion could only originate from memory:

what did i forget?

why did i forget?

who had i forgotten?

why are you forgotten?

mozambique

memory in the body

ocean a body, remembering every crashing wave



there is the absurd
a ship crashed beside a lighthouse
ideology of navigation and science on the rocks
every crashing wave
marking this site: a memory of misdirected exploration

these images are not about beauty

this is a place that has never existed
never permitted to exist
some one else's desires invade

mozambique:

a generation of body being burned
a generation of nose and ears cut off
marking this site:
a memory of misdirected exploration
some one else's war with your body



skeletons along the shore
how did we forget?

we learned to navigate unknown territories
with awareness and spirit stopped

body shrivels as memory shrivels

a body of money without memory
a body of memory without money
who shall i be?
skeletons in my closet

mozambique

hot days where time stopped
night of fierce wind and ocean swallowing
lighthouse, shipwreck, a generation of roaming children



i spent days absorbed by this sand that changed every moment
like my understanding changed every moment
like the war tactics changed every moment

the ship keeps revisiting and repeating the crash

i once thought only memory can revive my compassion
i once thought only compassion can revive my body
i once thought only body can revive my memory

mozambique

what am i forgetting?
a generation of people wanting body back

to whose advantage is forgetting?

List of Works

1-2. *Unknown Cause*, found images, found text, colour photocopy 1982

Image sources: *Time* and *Maclean's* magazine

Text source: *Der Hund (The Dog)* by Rainer Maria Rilke

3-4. *Character of Two Dimension*, from the series *Drawings in Blueprint: Basic Frames #1*, found images, blueprints, 1982

Image source: newspaper comic series *Rex Morgan M.D.*

5-6. *Ten Little Indians / Ten Little White Boys*, found images, liquid paper, 1993

Image source: *Better Homes and Gardens Story Book*, Meredith Publishing Co. USA, 1950

7-8. *Little Black Sambo / Little White Simpy*, found images, liquid paper, 1993

Image source: *Better Homes and Gardens Story Book*, Meredith Publishing Co. USA, 1950

9. *Little Women: The Heartless Series*, found images, found texts 1994

Image source: Louisa M. Alcott, *Little Women*, The Golden Picture Classics, London, UK, Simon & Schuster, 1956.

Text source: Makkai, Boatner and Gates, *Handbook of Commonly Used American Idioms*, Barron's Educational Series, New York, 1991

10. *Treasure Island: The Senseless Series*, found images, found texts 1996

Image source: Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island*, The Golden Picture Classics, London, UK, Simon & Schuster, 1956.

Text source: Makkai, Boatner and Gates, *Handbook of Commonly Used American Idioms*, Barron's Educational Series, New York, 1991

11-13. *notes towards a body*: a work-in-progress, photographic b/w images, text 1997

Photographs by Tonderai Katiyo on location in Beira, Mozambique.

14. *notes towards a body*: a work-in-progress, photographic b/w images, text 1997

Photograph by Laiwan on location in Beira, Mozambique.

The artist thanks Bob Sherrin & Margarita Miniovich at The Capilano Review,
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